POLIDIOCY

BY MAHONEY, DUNLAVEY, AND AKEL

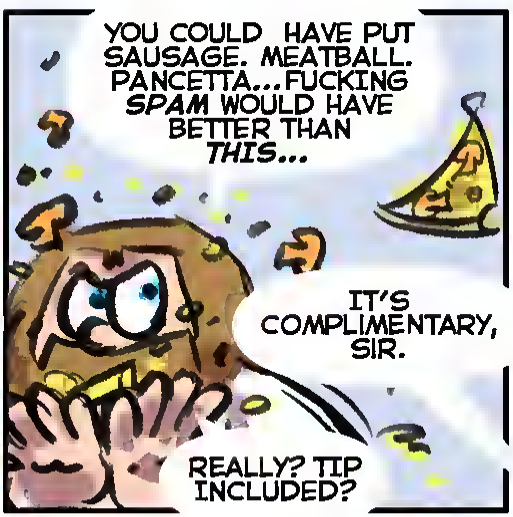
RELAX. HE TOOK HIS GIRLFRIEND TO WATCH THEM BLOW UP THE BALLOONS FOR THE THANKS-GIVING DAY PARADE.
THAT'S A REAL SUBTLE DATE. "HEY, BABY, LET'S WATCH PEOPLE BLOW FOR HOURS ON END."

WHAT THE HELL? THIS AIN'T PEPPERONI.
WE WERE OUT OF PEP-PERONI...

OUT OF PEPPERONI?! ARE YOU SHIT-TING ME?!
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, FRISCO DELIVERS A PEPPERONI PIZZA TO ME.

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS. THIS IS NOT PIZZA. IT TASTES LIKE ASS.
THOSE ARE MUSHROOMS.

GOD DAMN, YOU PUT A *VEGETABLE* ON MY PIZZA? DID YOU NOT CHECK MY FILE AT RAY'S? IT SAYS *NO VEGETABLES EVER*- EXCEPT TOMATO SAUCE.


YOU COULD HAVE PUT SAUSAGE. MEATBALL. PANCETTA...FUCKING *SPAM* WOULD HAVE BETTER THAN *THIS*...
IT'S COMPLIMENTARY, SIR.
REALLY? TIP INCLUDED?

YEAH, HERE'S A TIP:
STOP INVESTIGATING PIZZAGATE... IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

COMET
PIZZA & PING PONG

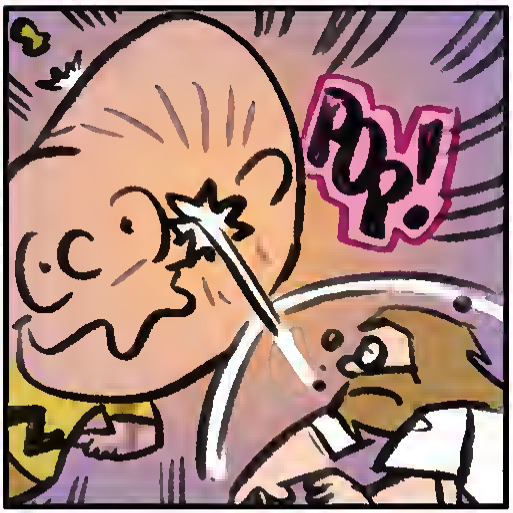
YOU CAN'T TEELL ME W-WAAA WHH WHAAATT IS HAPPENING? MY HAND IS GIGANTIC?!

WE COULDN'T JUST KILL YOU, POLIDIOT. THAT WOULD BE TOO OBVIOUS. INSTEAD, YOU'RE GOING TO SELF-DESTRUCT.

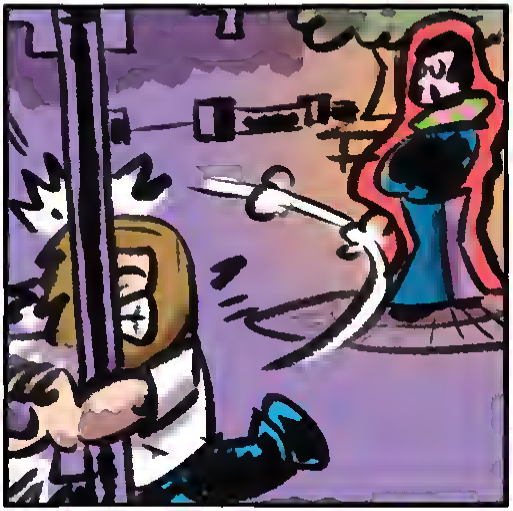
RIP HIS BALLS OFF YOU MUST.

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT. YOU JUST CONSUMED DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF SHROOMS THE CIA USES ON MK-ULTRA SUBJECTS.

ENJOY YOUR TRIP...


POP!

STRAWBERRY FIELDS, HURRY!



TO BE CONTINUED...